The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1800.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Then certain Philoſophers of the Epicureans and Stoics encountered him."

ATTACKED by ſuch enemies, St. Paul, I pity thee. Compared with the ſophiſtical jargon of their tongues, the buffetings of Satan were the ſoft ſtrokes of a feather. Encountered by *Philoſophers!* What a perilous meeting! To be ſtoned at Iconium, to die in priſon at Philippi, or ſmart at all her whipping-poſts, were more tolerable, than to hear the abſtract impertinence, the viſionary theories of a cold and cloſet reaſoner. His head is the web of a ſpider, his heart is the ice of Spitzbergen, his plans are the projects of Lapua, and his arguments turbid as a hypochondriac's dream. If I ſhould be aſked which was the moſt unlucky adventure in Paul's pilgrimage, I muſt reply, his interview with the *philoſophic* babblers of Athens. None of his perils, and I think he enumerates eight varieties, compare with the peril of pragmatical *philoſophy*. Ill-fated apoſtle, the Epicureans and Stoics, encountering you, were worſe company than the Barbarians of Melita, on whoſe rude coaſt you were ſtranded. Your night and day in the deep, your wearineſs and watchings, your frequent faſt, and ſuſpenſion in the baſket of Damaſcus, even if it were like Falſtaff's Buck baſket, were "light afflictions, but for a moment," to the growl of the Stoic and the lullaby of the Epicurean.

Paul was not ſingular in this encounter: Perſonages as grave as the ſaint have been encountered by certain philoſophers in the preſent age. Yes, they have met common ſenſe, morality and religion. Thank God, they have not routed them.

Hold, hold, haſty Lay Preacher; one philoſopher has publiſhed what he calls "Common Senſe." Yes, I remember the book well, and aſked that ſober matron how ſhe happened, even in 1775, to appear in ſuch diſordered attire.—'Twas in a fit of lunacy when ſhe eſcaped from her keepers.

Philoſophic encounters are, in effect, often as bloody as the battles of Bonaparte. One Helvetius with ſeveral aſſociates, many years ſince, oppoſed the ſettled opinions of the French nation. The brain pans, they aſſerted, of all men were of equal capacity; but ſome were full, and others empty of education. Here was a rare diſcovery. Hence all the grades of intelligence. No ſuch thing as a difference in the mental organization. Next man had no ſoul. After vegetating a time, he muſt die, without even a chance for immortality; without even the nine ſtruggles of a cat. Bravo, bellowed the libertines. This is a divine doctrine, this is *philoſophy*. Hawk-eyed *philoſophy* did not ſtop here. She looked into the bible and ſaw mouldy leaves. She looked up to the ſkies, and ſaw nothing.—She looked down to the earth and beheld fiſhwomen, butchers, brewers; and now was the time for maudlin philoſophy to ſee double. They were larger than the life. They were magnified to a "*mountain*," they were citizens directors, they were executioners, Jacobins, friends, reader of the encyclopediſts, believeſt thou my repreſentations to be juſt? I know thou believeſt. I am perſuaded thou wilt think with me that all the evils, all the atrocities of the French revolution originated in a falſe, impious, and captious philoſophy.

England has been infeſted with *philoſophers* as well as France. You may find a majority of *philoſophers* on many a parliamentary journal. In the ſhape of a *clergyman* you may find them ſometimes, but not long, for they are prone to migrate. If one of them debarked on our ſhores, you may know him eaſily. He is a buſy and meddling prieſt. The noiſy "praiſe GOD bare-bones" of the time. Addreſſer of democratic clubs and ſapper of ſtate pillars. Qualified to write verboſe inſcriptions for the charnel houſes of France, to be her *materialiſt* in chief, and to reduce ſouls to a calx, like any ſubſtance in his chemiſtry. You may gaze, curious American, at his attired jar, and even behold the generous cock agonized by his electricity, but when he interferes with your government, ſcowl ſovereign contempt on the interpoler.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page 60.*]

CHAP. IV.

So when black ſtorms the ſun o'er caſt
The herds forſake the flowery lawn,
The frighted birds to covert haſte,
Till the dark veil's withdrawn.
His beams more glorious for th' eclipſe appear,
And joy o'erſpreads the brightened hemiſphere.

LUKE'S POEMS.

THE reader may remember when Captain Grey was ſtruck down, that his horſe inſtantly galloped away; and as it was not far from home, he ſoon arrived there. Dick, the valet, was leaving the garden with the old man, when hearing the horſe coming at a great rate, he jumped upon the wall, and had ſcarcely time to utter the word "Damnation!" before he was over the other ſide. Dick, we have ſaid, had been a great reprobate, but now never wilfully ſwore; as ſuch the old gardner knew ſomething was amiſs, and haſtened away as quick as he was able. When he came into the yard, the horſe was ſtanding by the ſtable-door alone; the houſekeeper was wringing her hands and crying, for the ſound of the horſe had brought her out of doors. But no Dick was to be ſeen. Old Abraham, regardleſs of any danger, inſtantly mounted the horſe, and proceeded along the road which he knew his maſter was to come. Dick in the mean time, with that wildneſs which marked his character, and without thought, and carried only by the impulſe of his feelings, ruſhed on foot the ſame way. Every ſtep he proceeded increaſed his apprehenſion for the fate of his maſter, while the violent rate at which he ran, ſoon put him out of breath, and obliged him unwillingly to ſlacken his pace: then firſt ſaw his folly in not taking the horſe with him, and turning his head round at the ſound of a horſe's feet, he perceived Abraham faſt gaining ground upon him. At this time he was juſt entering the lane, when the firſt object that ſtruck him was his maſter extended on the ground. Inſtantly he perceived two other men not far diſtant in nearly the ſame ſituation. He ſprung to the body of his maſter, and, with horror in his look and voice, exclaimed to Abraham that he was dead. The old man diſmounted from the horſe, and, while the big drops followed one another down his furrowed cheeks, attempted to feel the pulſe. Dick in trembling ſilence waited his ſpeaking:—not more dreadful is the ſuſpence of the priſoner at the bar when his own life is at ſtake. The old man ſhook his head, and fumbled for his lancet. The other, without a word, ripped up the Captain's ſleeve. In a few ſeconds the blood began to flow; the Captain opened his eyes. Many people of the village, alarmed by Mrs. Mary, had arrived at the ſpot, and ſeized on the two footpads; one of them was a miſerable object, with a leg and arm broke, and in that ſtate had attempted to crawl from the ſpot; the other had bled ſo violently in the temples from the fury of the charge, that he was equally unable, and leſs inclined, to move. The piſtols on the ground partly explained the affair; and the cry of mercy from the captive wretches, explained that they were the offenders. His faithful ſervants lifted the Captain upon his horſe, and ſupported him homeward on either ſide. Dick deſired the others to take care of the men; and in attentive ſilence they were proceeding, when the Captain, with a painful exertion, at the ſame moment uttered the words "Do take care."—When Captain Grey arrived at home, he was ſo weak, that his ſervants thought he would have fainted every moment: he was immediately put to bed, and a phyſician who had been ſent for, ſoon arrived. This gentleman greatly commended Abraham for his reſolution in bleeding his maſter; and begged Captain Grey, who wiſhed to ſpeak, not to fatigue himſelf by the exertion, promiſing not to leave the houſe till the morning. The Doctor, with his uſual humanity, attended, and gave orders concerning the two priſoners to the apothecary of the next village, who was lately arrived. The Doctor forbore, as it was too late, to aſk any queſtions till the morning: he returned to Captain Grey, who was aſleep, and throwing himſelf therefore on a bed, with his clothes on, he ordered Dick to call him the moment the Captain awaked. In about two hours Dick came, and the Doctor went with him to the Captain's chamber. As ſoon as he ſaw the Phyſician, he exclaimed—"Well Sir, how is the poor boy?"—The Doctor, turning to the ſervants for an explanation, he repeated the queſtion. The ſurpriſe in the countenance of his auditors was perceived by the ſick man, who continued—"Do tell me, Doctor—is he ſafe?"—Dick, in great amaze, deſired to know of his maſter what boy he meant;—the Doctor, ordering him to be ſilent, gently aſked the ſame queſtion.—"The poor lad you found with me in the lane."—The Doctor informed him they had ſeen no boy; only two men much bruiſed had been taken, who, they found, from their own confeſſion, had attacked him. The Captain in a few words explained what had paſſed; and the Phyſician, begging him to be ſilent, aſſured him every means ſhould be taken to find the boy, and immediately ſent Abraham (for Dick was too impatient) to enquire of the priſoners. They could only inform him, that the boy had rode againſt them with ſuch fury, as to leave them in the ſtate they had been found; but they knew nothing more either of him or their companion. The Phyſician hearing this account, was in great fear he had been murdered by the other villain; and Dick was ſent with a party of men to examine the ſpot around, and look in the fields and ditches adjoining. Dick executed his commiſſion with great care, though with little ſucceſs, and did not return till long after the ſun had riſen. With a very black face he told Abraham the failure of his errand; neither the boy nor man were to be found. The Doctor uſed every plauſible reaſon to induce Captain Grey, who was much recovered, to think the lad was ſafe; and having taken an early breakfaſt, prepared to viſit a neighbouring patient, promiſing to call on his return. This patient was no other than one of the children of the worthy Magiſtrate, before whom our youth was taken. The Doctor ſoon heard from the mother that a lad was now examining before his Worſhip, under ſuſpicion of ſtealing a horſe. It occurred to him that this might be the boy, and if not, it was proper to inform the Magiſtrate of the circumſtance of the foregoing evening; and that Captain Grey intended on the morrow to bring the two footpads, if he was able to accompany them. For this purpoſe the Juſtice had been called out by his ſervant. He ſoon returned with the Doctor, and addreſſing the lad, ſaid, "This, my boy, is a good friend of your maſter's, and he will aſſure you that he is ſafe."—"God be praiſed!" exclaimed the youth; and, as if releaſed from every trouble, added, "then I don't care for any thing." The gentleman ſmiled at his uncultivated manner of expreſſing his joy; and the Doctor told him, that his maſter was not only out of all danger, but that he would take him to him immediately. Having ſhaken hands with the farmers, and thanked the worthy Juſtice for his intentions towards him, our youth departed with the Phyſician. As they entered the court-

yard of Captain Grey's house, they met Dick, whom the Doctor calling to by name, said, "Here I've found the young warrior!"—Dick sprung forward, and lifting him with the kindness of an old acquaintance from the horse, shook him cordially by the hand; at the same time exclaiming to the Doctor, "If he was my master's own child, your Honour, he could not be a finer fellow. Come, my little hero, I'll take you to the Captain." The Doctor desired Dick not to be in a hurry, and to get the boy some refreshment, while he went himself to inform Captain Grey that his protege was safe. Dick with pleasure obeyed him. The youth, free from any care, ate hearty. Old Abraham, smiled, patted him on the head, and called him "good boy." Mrs. Mary simpered, fetched him a tart (the first he had ever eaten,) and declared, in an audible whisper to Dick, he was the prettiest boy in the parish. Dick capered and danced about the room; asked an hundred questions, and laughed heartily without waiting for the answer. The news that the boy was safe, proved the best cordial to Captain Grey; and the Doctor took his leave with every hope of his patient's speedy recovery. Nor was he deceived: the mind being at ease, the body soon grew stronger, and on the third day after the accident, Captain Grey was sufficiently recovered to leave his chamber. The two villains were delivered into the hands of justice, and in the end were transported to the flourishing settlement of Botany Bay.

CHAP. V.

Fain would we know what happy spot of earth
Can boast your residence, and whence your birth?
Tho' Fortune frowns, impartial Heaven exerts
Her arm of succour, and your cause asserts.

STATIUS'S THEBAID, Book 5.

CAPTAIN GREY saw the boy the same day he came before the worthy Doctor left him: and had also frequent conferences with him afterwards, while he was yet confined. He found him endued with a very strong mind though artless and uncultivated: and such an heroism (or else it was the partiality of the Captain) seemed written in his character, that he could not prevail on himself to fix him in the station of a servant. Captain Grey made great enquiries concerning his relations, the result of which was, that he had been brought up by the parish: his mother an unknown stranger, stopping at a public house on the road, had been suddenly taken with the pains of child-birth, and had perished in the delivery.

The Captain, who had the youth's interest more and more at heart, determined to make such enquiries in person; as might lead to a more satisfactory account; and accordingly, taking the boy and Dick along with him, he set out to the village which had given birth to our young hero. As I have now mentioned him to our readers as the hero of my tale, it will not be amiss if I go back a few years in his life, and introduce him more regularly to their notice by a proper name. Farmer Dobbins, of the parish of Pitford, had just risen from his bed, and was walking across his ground to the Fighting-Cocks in that village, to take his regular morning's whet, when he perceived the servant maid of the public house bustling towards him. He had scarce time to be surprised before she informed him, that a poor travelling young woman, who had come to their house the over night, had been brought to bed of a boy; that the child was alive and well, but the mother was dying. The farmer, with due dignity, rebuked her for taking in such people; and, quickening his pace, soon reached the house. He was met at the door by the landlord, who protested again and again that he was ignorant of her situation; and that he had no doubt from her appearance, she had good friends, who would take care of the child if it lived. The farmer was for going at once into the room to see her, and enquire about her parish, but was prevented by the landlord assuring him, that the woman was unable to give him any answer; and that, as his wife was with her, she would certainly make those necessary enquiries — 'But what think ye of a glass of this, Mr. Dobbins? a new sample old Poach brought me yesterday," holding up a bottle he held in his hand, and pouring it into a glass he had ready. "Here," continued the landlord, "taste this Mr. Dobbins, 'twill keep out the damps this cold morning." Had Dobbins, been hastening to be married, nay, had he even been flying from his spouse, this charm would have staid him; it acted upon him as the golden bait did on the fair Atalanta, and the earthly nectar had oftentimes swerved him from the intended point. The farmer did not wait to be asked twice, but drinking off the brandy, pronounced it to be excellent. "As I shall get this pretty reasonable," said the landlord, "I can afford to give a glass or two to a friend like you, Mr. Dobbins. Come, let us walk into the bar; there we can judge better of it, and Molly will soon come and tell us all about the woman. Well, well," as soon as they were seated in the bar, "let the worse come to the worse, 'tis but one child to take care of; and ten to one he does n't live. As for the mother, she has got enough to bury her handsomely."—"What, is she dead then?" replied the the farmer.—"No; but I suppose she won't live."

"How do you know she has any money?"—"She shewed us some when she desired us to send for a doctor." With such like discourse, an equal mixture of lies and truth, but chiefly by the help of the bottle, the landlord detained the farmer till his wife came. In about an hour she burst into the room, and informed them the poor traveller was dead. The farmer then got up to see the corpse, and was shewn into a room where upon a bed the dead body lay. He perceived a young woman plainly dressed; and, asking for the child, the landlady told him she had sent it, wrapped in an handkerchief, to a poor woman who had lost her own, of which she had lately been delivered, and who lived not many doors off. Farmer Dobbins desired the landlady to fetch the pockets of the deceased while he was there; and first she produced a purse with five guineas, (this was the most agreeable sight to the farmer;) a torn pocket handkerchief, a thimble, scissars, and needle-case, made up the total. No paper or pocket book could be found to explain who she was; but they informed the farmer, that she had walked last night to their house, and talked of taking the coach to Bath the next morning. With the assistance of the landlord, the farmer next drew up a description of her person and apparel, and determined to have the same advertised in the country papers. As some time must elapse before this could be noticed, and as sufficient money to defray the funeral expences was found, he gave orders about it. The landlady proposed purchasing her clothes, and accordingly offered two guineas for the whole. This was evidently more than their value, and was at once agreed to; and the farmer, taking another glass, left the whole business to be settled by the landlord and his wife. Immediately the young woman was put in her shroud, and three days after she was buried. Her person and dress (how unlike the description!) were advertised in the papers, but no one appeared to own her.

One perſon indeed had called ſome time afterwards, and wiſhed to ſee her clothes, which on being ſhewn, he profeſſed he had no knowledge of the wearer; here the affair ended. The child's foſter mother died, and he was placed in the work houſe. He had been chriſtened by the name of John, and ſurnamed in the pariſh, by the appellation of Smith (the landlord's name,) and was at the preſent time as good a Jack Smith of his inches as any in the three kingdoms. This was the ſubſtance of the Captain's enquiry at Pilford. The landlord, Smith, had long left the place; but before the Captain departed, he thought proper to get a certificate of the boy's birth, with memorandums of a few other particulars that he thought might at any future period be of ſervice to our hero.

[~~To be~~ *continued.*] to 74

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ACCOUNT OF GENERAL KLEBER.

KLEBER, Bonaparte's ſucceſſor in Egypt, is a native of Straſburgh, now about forty-eight years old. He is tall, of a ſwarthy complexion, marked by the ſmall pox, and has very ſtrong whiſkers, which gave him a military appearance. Since he has been promoted to the rank of general, he is become ſo very fat, that he is quite a Coloſſus, and hardly able to find a horſe fit for his uſe. He loſt his father at an early age, and was his only child; his mother afterwards married an architect, of the name of Burger, at Straſburgh, with whom ſhe had ſeveral children. Kleber was ſcarcely twelve years of age, when his mother became widow a ſecond time. His vivacity induced him ſeveral times to enliſt as a common ſoldier in the garriſon of Straſburgh, but his mother always bought him his diſcharge. She intended him for the mercantile line, but his maſter treating him with too much ſeverity, he was taken home again by his mother. He now applied himſelf to the ſtudy of architecture, in which he made ſuch a progreſs, that he was appointed teacher of that art in Weſtphalia. Here he chanced to become acquainted with the Imperial General Kausitz, who endeavored at that time to make his regiment one of the compleateſt in the army, and Kleber's perfections of body and mind having made a ſtrong impreſſion on him he offered to appoint him to the rank of lieutenant, if he ſhould be inclined to enter into the emperor's ſervice. Kleber at firſt refuſed to accept of this offer, and the general ſet off for his ſeat in Bohemia. He was hardly gone when Kleber altered his mind, and followed him.

The general received him with pleaſure, and he remained with him during the ſpace of ſix months, in which time he was entered with the regiment as cadet, but at the firſt vacancy, he joined his regiment as ſecond lieutenant.—He was two years in the emperor's ſervice, and finding that he was not promoted as ſoon as he perhaps expected, he deſerted, and returned home, where he remained for ſome time without any particular occupation, when at laſt his ſtep brother gave up to him the enterprize of Befort, by which he himſelf had acquired a conſiderable property. War being at length declared againſt Auſtria, the volunteers of the national guards were called upon to join the troops of the line, and he collected a battalion of them in the neighborhood of Befort, with whom he marched to Straſburgh. On entering that place, his fine and martial appearance attracted ſo much notice, that the populace aſſembled on the parade to ſee the handſome commander of the battalion of Befort volunteers. Among thoſe whom curioſity had collected there, was alſo one of his brothers, who was greatly aſtoniſhed to recognize his brother in the man who had excited ſo much aſtoniſhment. On account of his talents he was ſoon appointed to the rank of adjutant general, in which capacity he joined Cuſtine's army before Mentz; he was ſhortly afterwards appointed general of brigade. After the ſurrender of Mentz, he as well as the whole garriſon were ordered to march to La Vendee, where they encountered the Royaliſts in a ſevere engagement, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much, that he was appointed a general of diviſion on the field of battle. In this capacity he joined the army of the North, and afterwards that of the Rhine and Moſelle. In 1796, when the latter entered Germany, and was ſtationed in the neighborhood of Wirtzburg, during an indiſpoſition of general Jourdan, Kleber being the oldeſt general of diviſion, had the chief command for ten days. Jourdan having loſt the command in conſequence of his retreat, Kleber entertained hopes of being appointed his ſucceſſor, and being diſappointed, he reſigned. His fellow-citizens now wiſhed to ſee him elected repreſentative of the department of the Lower Rhine, but Keller, of Landau, carried the victory. He now left Straſburgh, where he was preſent at the elections, and proceeded to Paris, where he lived in private till he became acquainted with Bonaparte, with whom he went to Egypt as general of iviſion. When the army landed, Kleber commanded the advanced guard, and on the ſtorming of the place under his direction, he was wounded in the head by a bullet, which rendered him unable to ſerve in the field for ſome time, during which he remained at Alexandria, as commander of that place. As ſoon as he was recovered of his wound, he again joined his diviſion, and was preſent at the campaign in Syria, and when Bonaparte quitted Egypt, he was entruſted by him with the chief command of the army.

PRINCE CHARLES.

THE following is a ſketch of the picture of the Archduke Charles. His royal highneſs is of a middling ſize, ſlender and well made; his hair is thin and of a flaxen color; his forehead high, broad and beautifully arched; he has large blue eyes, an aquiline noſe, a round well ſhaped chin, and a freſh color. The archduke's voice is clear and melodious, his mien graceful and of captivating goodneſs; his whole exterior is majeſtic, with placid dignity. All about the royal heir is pompleſs and ſimple; he has neither a ſplendid ſuit nor many ſervants. His table is ſober and frugal to the higheſt degree, but ſeaſoned by a pleaſing and entertaining converſation. His manner of living remains unaltered: he riſes very early, dedicates the firſt time of the day to prayer, and the remaining hours, till dinner time, to buſineſs, which he reſumes about an hour afterwards. Towards evening his royal highneſs allows himſelf a few hours for recreation, which he either fills with reading, playing on the piano forte, walking, riding, or viſiting a friendly circle, and the theatre. He is not a friend of noiſy pleaſures: his fine feelings and his highly cultivated mind prefer the nobler pleaſures of the heart to raw ſenſuality. As a general and a hero we know the Archduke from his deeds: The battles of Theingen, Schliengen, Oſtrach and Stockach, will render his name immortal in hiſtory. This is a faint ſketch of

the picture of an Auſtrian prince, bleſſed by Germany, revered by Europe, eſteemed even by the enemy, and who will be admired by the lateſt poſterity.

Miſcellaneous Articles.

MALLET DU PAN, in one of the late numbers of the "*Mercure Britannique*," ſpeaking of the preſent object of the war with the French republic, ſays, "ſince the year 1795, experience and reflection have ſtrengthened our conjecture that the king of France will never recover his crown until he is without allies, without foreign armies to defend his rights, without a counter-revolutionary war, with royaliſt conſpirators, without royaliſt intrigues, and loſt as it were in the obſcurity of oblivion. Frenchmen then, ceaſing to conſider royalty as an unlimited power eſtabliſhed by foreign force or by civil war, will ceaſe to view it with apprehenſion, and will return to it, becauſe they will think themſelves perfectly free to do ſo. Is there an Engliſhman who thinks that if Charles II, forgotten at Cologne, had had Louis XIV. for his ally, he would have recovered the crown, the oſs of which, the advice and aſſiſtance of that monarch, had no ſmall ſhare in occaſioning to James the IId?"

The Central Muſeum of Arts at Paris is charged by the Miniſter of the Interior with the taking moulds from the antique ſtatues arrived from Italy. It is to ſell theſe plaſter figures to artiſts, and to the central ſchools, at very eaſy rates. The Muſeum is alſo authoriſed to ſell at the ſame low prices thoſe which it poſſeſſes at this time, ſuch as thoſe from Germanicus, from the groupe of Caſtor and Pollux, from Apollo, &c. &c.

Ducraz Dumenil the French Bookſeller, has announced for publication a Collection of *Select Novels*. It will be difficult to diſcover what the Pariſian Bookſeller underſtands by a Novel, when we find included in this liſt a tranſlation of *Harvey's Meditations* and *Young's Night Thoughts*.

The Will of the Emperor of China has been publiſhed on the Continent. It is an appeal to poſterity on his conduct, and a compariſon of it with that of ſome of his predeceſſors. He concludes it thus—"Oh you who compoſe my family do not afflict yourſelf at my return.—Provided you live long, and in perfect good underſtanding, I am contented, and die with pleaſure. *Youg Tſing Vang*, my fourth ſon, reſembles me in many reſpects. He has all the talents requiſite for governing the State; I order him, after my death, to take poſſeſſion of the Empire. Let mourning be worn for me twenty ſeven days, according to uſage, and the preſcribed rule, and let my laſt will be publiſhed at Court, and in the provinces."

A late Writer on the ſubject of *Japan*, repreſents the ſtate of Society in that Country in a very curious light. In *Japan*, wealth alone, excluſive, confers all diſtinction and all power. The wealth of the Grandees is eſtimated according to the Revenues of the Provinces which belong to them. The Emperor is poſſeſſed of ten of the richeſt and moſt extenſive Provinces, and conſequently, on this account alone, independent of his Revenue as Emperor, is the richeſt among the Japaneſe Princes. The richeſt after him is his father-in law, who has a yearly income of *Five Millions Sterling*. The income of others amount to *Four, Three*, and *Two Millions*: and there are above *Sixty* ſuch Landholders in *Japan*.

The maſter of a Malabar coaſting veſſel, we are informed, having touched at the Maldives in the month of July laſt, had been informed that a whale of a moſt uncommon ſize had been lately obſerved in thoſe ſeas, in conſequence of whoſe appearance the greateſt apprehenſions had been entertained for the ſafety of the veſſels on thoſe coaſts. It had been frequently ſeen lying near the ſurface of the water, of a moſt aſtoniſhing extent, and if we may credit the aſſertion of reſpectable perſons who are ſaid to have been eye-witneſſes, it muſt have been nearly equal in magnitude to that monſtrous production of nature denominated the Kraken, of whoſe exiſtence there are ſtill many doubts.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE COTTAGER No. III.

AFTER the lapſe of a day or two I informed my father how I was circumſtanced—he at firſt obſerved towards me a ſterneſs to which I had been unaccuſtomed; but this by degrees wore off, and his brow preſented a ſerener aſpect. He then remonſtrated with me on the impropriety of my conduct; and at length agreed to diſcharge my debts, provided I would conſent to leave England, and undetake a voyage to India with a Captain of one of the company's ſhips, who was a particular friend of his: this I conſented to:—One difficulty alone preſented itſelf to my mind; it was an obſtacle with me difficult to ſurmount. From the intereſt which Villers had apparently taken in my misfortunes, I had formed an ardent friendſhip for him, and which he as ſincerely profeſſed to return: Thus circumſtanced, I conceived that I was about to tear myſelf from every thing dear, by leaving behind me the friend of my boſom. I determined, therefore, to beg of my father to enable Villers to accompany me, by ſpeaking to the commander of the veſſel in his favor, and advancing him a ſmall ſum of money by way of loan, whereby he might be enabled to do ſomething of advantage for himſelf; and in order the ſooner to induce my father to acquieſce, repreſented to him the various obligations I was under to my friend; ſtating that had not his good advice interpoſed to ſave me from the impoſitions and deſtructive practices of the metropolis, I ſhould eventually have been ruined. My father liſtened to me with patience, and promiſed to conſider of it; and as the veſſel in which I was to embark for India was ſhortly to ſail, ordered me to hold myſelf in readineſs to depart. Villers during this time remained at my father's, enjoying all the amuſements which the country afforded; and as he forms an intereſting performer in the drama of my life, I will here take the opportunity of more minutely deſcribing him to you; he was about twenty-four years of age, a handſome perſon, of captivating manners, and well verſed in the knowledge of mankind; he had been early left an orphan, and during his minoriſhip was committed to the guidance of an uncle, whoſe avaricious diſpoſition had defrauded Villers of the greateſt portion of a ſmall paternal eſtate; the reſidue of which, when he came of age, he quickly ſquandered away, and was reduced to the neceſſity of reſorting with thoſe whom he deſpiſed. This was the tale he had related to me ſhortly after our firſt acquaintance; little did I think I was nurſing in my boſom a rankling venom which would one day debilitate my frame. In due time my father granted my deſire, and advanced my friend two thouſand pounds ſterling, repayable in three years. He purchaſed ſuch articles as he thought he could make moſt advantage of, and we embarked with Captain Smith for the Eaſt Indies. I had

never once reflected on the ſudden and ſtrange determination of my father in ſending me to ſo diſtant a part, more than merely ſuppoſing that it was with the intention of removing me from the vices of my native country; nor was it until my return to England that I learnt the real cauſe of this his behaviour to me.

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Deſultory Items.

The ſubject for a new inquiſition reſpecting the author of Junius, is juſt broached, in which the ſceptics, and enthuſiaſts on all ſides, will find new ground for literary controverſy. The rev. Mr. Roſenhagen, who lately died in one of our Eaſt-India ſettlements, has bequeathed his papers, which are juſt arrived, to the care of a relative, the Rev. M. Bracken; and amongſt theſe they have found, manuſcripts of all the letters of Junius, with a ſolemn declaration, alſo under the ſignature of Mr. Roſenhagen, "*that he is himſelf the ſole author.*" *Credat Judeus?*

The following account of the late publications of Mr. John Robiſon and the Abbe Barruel, on *Illuminatiſm and Freemaſonry*, was lately given to Dr. Mitchell, of New-York, by C. D. Eberling, profeſſor of hiſtory and keeper of the public library at Hamburgh, in a letter dated at Hamburgh, September 2, 1799:

"I am ſorry," writes Mr. Eberling, "that the miſerable books of *Barruel* and *Robiſon* make ſuch an impreſſion in America. I have written ample refutations of Robiſon as to what regards his lies about Germany, to ſeveral New-England clergymen, who deſired my opinion about it. Artfully ſome truths are interſperſed; but the greater part is miſrepreſentation of real facts, or inverted facts brought forth as truths, with as great effrontery as ignorance. But all this belongs to the great play of introducing *univerſal war*, in order to extricate one's ſelf from danger. The downfal of *hierarchy* is perhaps more feared than that of *royalty*; which eaſily may be eſtabliſhed on a ſolid footing, as ſoon as princes and kings will liſten to reaſon and humanity. The *union*, of which Robiſon ſpeaks, was never real but only a *cheat*."

The influence of diet on animal bodies, is happily illuſtrated by the following account of a Tyger, publiſhed by Dr. Moſely, in his "Account of Sugar."

"The ſavageneſs of the wildeſt animals is ſoftened by diet; and it ſometimes appears as if ferocity would ſleep quietly in the frame, unleſs awakened by ſenſations excited by the colour, ſcent and taſte of blood.

I knew a man at Kingſton, in Jamaica, a Mr. Benjamin Parker, who had nearly loſt his life, by an event which illuſtrates this ſuppoſition.

He had a Spaniſh main Tyger, which he brought up on milk and ſugar, and bread,—from the time it was newly born, until it was nearly full grown. It ſlept in his room, frequently on his bed, and went about the houſe like a Spaniel. He was taken ill of a fever. I directed him to be bled. Soon after the operation he fell aſleep, with the Tyger by his ſide, on the bed. During his ſleeping, the arm bled conſiderably. The Tyger, which as yet had never ſeen blood, or taſted animal food, while Mr. Parker was ſleeping, had knawed his ſhirt ſleeve, and the bloody part of the ſheet into a thouſand pieces. He had alſo detached the compreſs, and got at the bleeding orifice of the vein, and licked up the blood running from it. The impatient animal, forgetting in a moment his domeſtic education, and the kindneſs of his maſter, began to uſe the arm with ſome roughneſs with his teeth, which awaked Mr. Parker. On his riſing up in his bed, the tyger and maſter were in mutual conſternation. The tyger gave a ſpring, and jumped on an high cheſt of drawers in the room; from that to the chairs, and tables, and ran about the houſe in wild and horrible phrenzy. I arrived at the houſe at the time of this confuſion.—The tyger eſcaped into the garden;—where he was ſhot."

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

If you think the following obſervations on Kotzebue's Pizaro are not treaſon againſt the taſte of the times, I ſhall be glad you will give them a place. They are extracted from an eſſay "on the Dramatic taſte of the age," by Joſeph Moſer, Eſquire.

I. C.

"SINCE I have had occaſion to mention this, as I think unjuſtly celebrated drama, I conceive that it may not be totally irrelevant to the ſubject I am upon, if I quote it as a lamentable inſtance of the depravity of our theatrical taſte."

The *dulneſs* and *weight* of Kotzebue have been ſaid to have received ſome light and vivifying touches from the pen of a gentleman* whom I have in the former part of this ſpeculation, celebrated for his attempting to revive the ſpirit and genius of Congreve, and to whom I am ready to allow a high claim to literary merit: yet when I look upon Pizaro; when I conſider the Fable, characters, language, and, more than all, the moral; and at the ſame time obſerve that he has, in the title page avowed the piece to have paſſed through his hand; what can I think, but that the talents of the author, who ſuffered ſuch a crude indigeſted maſs of obſcurity to be offered to the public, muſt have declined? what can any one think of the taſte of theſe audiences who, merely caught "by the whiſtling of a name' vehemently applauded what half of them could not hear, nor any of them underſtand?

But I have been told that a great part of the pleaſure of the audience aroſe from *ſurpriſe*, which is indeed one of our greateſt ſources of pleaſure. Many imagined that the *principles* of the German Dramatiſt, which had by the induſtry of tranſlators been pretty generally promulgated, would not have been ſo well *ſcumbled down* by the preſent undertaker. In fact, thoſe expreſſions of loyalty and piety, ſuch as "the King whom we love, and the God whom we adore," aſtoniſhed, and operated like electricity upon the feelings of the audience.

"Such things they knew were neither rich nor rare,
"Yet wondered how the devil they got there."

Theſe ſentiments, *in ſuch a ſituation*, I am diſpoſed to conſider as mice traps to catch applauſe; and although ready to praiſe wherever I find them, any loyal or pious effuſions, yet in this caſe it is eaſy to diſcern that they are flowers of the moſt gaudy colours, and fringe of tarniſhed tinſel, ſlightly ſewed upon a *piece* of the coarſeſt *ſtuff*, and do not in any reſpect ſeem ſufficient to cover theſe *flaws* in the texture which they were perhaps intended to hide, to drop metaphor, the inacuracy of the language, the flimſineſs of the dramatic incidents, and the generally immoral tendency of Pizaro, are ſuch, that I am happy to ſee the career of this farrago of pantomime trick, and abſurdity, is likely to end, where it ought to have began, at Aſtley's and the Royal Circus."

* R. B. Sheridan, Eſq.

EXTRACTED FROM A SOUTHERN PAPER.

MY husband's my uncle,
My son is my brother,
His wife is my sister,
And I am her mother.
Seven children I've had
And look for another:
I'm grand mamma to three,
That belong to my brother:
Now reader pray give me
A true explication
Of this paradox
In next publication.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

The following solution of the Acrostic Rebus, inserted in the 38th page of the Baltimore Weekly Magazine, is offered for publication.

M AN is a noble animal, though vain;
A v'rice the passion that still thirsts for gain;
R ogue is a name dishonest men receive;
Y es is an answer in the affirmative:

H eav'n is the mansion destin'd for the blest,
A ngels are tenants of that place of rest;
R oots are the chief support of herbs, trees, flow'rs,
R ain falls upon the earth in genial showers;
I ncense is often us'd in sacred rites,
S inging the music which my heart delights.
By their initials thus her name is shewn,
Who reigns not in D. H.'s heart alone.

P. E. S.

Baltimore.

NEWS.

IT is now more than a week since an arrival conveyed to us any tidings of the affairs of Europe, either with respect to peace or war. The last advices left Bonaparte at Paris, notwithstanding the numerous reports of his intention of joining the army of reserve at Dijon; perhaps he fears his absence might create dissentions in the metropolis, inimical to his administration; or that he has good grounds for expecting peace with Austria. The army of Italy was left engaged, and the army of the Rhine was preparing to cross that river. Thus circumstanced were affairs on the continent of Europe at the receipt of the last dates. The intelligence from England, as late as April 31st, informs us of nothing but the proceedings of their legislature on the following subjects, viz. Allowing bounty on the importation of bread corn; on the union between England and Ireland, and on the subject of foreign subsidies.

AT home the provisional army of the U. States has been disbanded in form; many of the men from the encampment near Harper's Ferry, have passed through this place; meetings are taking place in most parts of the union, for the organization of committees to forward the operations of the electioneering campaign. His excellency *John Adams*, President of the United States, arrived in this city on Sunday last, and departed the day following on his way to Braintree—a respectful address was presented to him before his departure, to which he returned an appropriate answer.

AMERICAN SCIENCE VINDICATED.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia, to his friend in New-York, dated May 20, 1800.

"Doctor Woodhouse a few days since, obtained the *gaseous oxyd of azote*, or the *dephlogisticated nitrous air* of Dr. Priestley. I do assure you this has astonished the doctor; it killed an animal immediately, and supported flame wonderfully; and did not even change when brought in contact with the atmosphere. This circumstance has impressed my mind so forcibly, that I am sure nothing in future will induce me to denounce any of Mitchell's opinions on the subject of pestilence, without a thorough conviction of their insufficiency, &c."

Extract of a letter from a distinguished physician in London, to his friend in New-York, dated September 29th, 1799.

"I have great pleasure in informing you, that the Mitchellian theory has gained not a little reputation in England, from the several articles respecting it which have appeared. These pieces have produced a different tone with some of the medical lecturers of this metropolis, who formerly did not speak of these discoveries with the respect they merited. One in particular, to specify whom, it is not necessary to say more than that he is the first chemical lecturer in England, and has lately been engaged in investigations respecting the cow-pox, now treats these principles in his lectures with much respect, &c."

Extract of a letter from a very intelligent man in Edinburgh, to his correspondent in New-York, dated October 22d, 1799.

"I have shewn the American pamphlets to Dr. ——, and some others of the profession of our college. But I think (perhaps I am wrong) that there is a jealousy to make any American knowledge or improvement public, for fear of hurting the fame of our Edinburgh college, which draws many students from America and elsewhere."

On the 27th of May last, at noon, in Charleston, (S. C.) the thermometer stood at one hundred and twenty-five degrees when placed in the sun, and eighty-five in a cool situation.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

PERMIT me through the medium of your Magazine to request of some of your numerous readers, who have made the Sacred Writings their peculiar study, an explanation of the *9th* verse of the Epistle of Jude which is in these words:

"Yet Michael the Archangel when contending with the Devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, the Lord rebuke thee."

It is hoped this explanation will include if possible the *time*, *place* and *cause* of this contest.

I humbly conceive, that an essay on the above subject, besides satisfying the curiosity of a number of your readers, would be useful and instructive; inasmuch as it might tend to render a part of those writings which are given us for our rule of conduct in this life, plain and easy to be understood.

PHILOSOPHOS.

MONSIEUR KANIFERSTANE.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, a Little French Marquis
For travel felt a mighty inclination:
To shew himself, and foreign parts to see,
He undertook a bold peregrination.
At Dieppe, he found a sloop just under weigh,
By Dutchmen mann'd, and bound to Amsterdam;
Wind and tide serving, off he sail'd away,
And, soon sea sick, beyond finesse or sham,
Close in the cabbin he preferr'd to nestle,
There, faint and languid, for a space he doz'd;
Till, from th' increas'd commotion in the vessel,
That land might be in sight he well suppos'd:
So to the deck he climb'd with empty maw,
And, sure enough, Dutch Terra Firma saw.

While in the cabin sick and sad he lay,
Tho' a true Frenchman, he ne'er dreamt of talking;
But, when on deck, his spirits grew more gay,
And his blood 'gan to circulate with walking,
He recollected that he had a tongue.
Now, tho' a Frenchman French with ease can jabber,
And doubtless, thinks all other ears are hung
Like those he left at home, yet a Dutch swabber
Is apt enough no other speech to know
Than that which first he learn'd from *Mother Frow.*

The marquis, struck with wonder and delight,
Enraptur'd gaz'd on objects all so new;
At length a sumptuous palace caught his sight,
Which, proudly rising from the water's side,
Shew'd its new-painted front with flow'rets gay:
While trim responsive gardens spreading wide,
Display'd Duch taste in regular array.
Anxious to know who own'd the pleasing scene,
The marquis, bowing with a grinning face,
Demanded of a tar, in French I ween,
"To whom belong'd that most enchanting place?"
The tar, who knew as much of French as Greek,
Ey'd him at first with something like disdain;
Then, as he shifted round his quid to speak,
With growling voice, cry'd "*Ik kan niet verstaan.*"
"Oh! ho!" reply'd the marquis, "does it so!
"To Monsieur *Kaniferstane!* lucky man!
"The palace, to be sure, lies rather low;
"But, then the size and grandeur of the plan!
"I never saw a chateau on the Seine,
"Equal to this of Monsieur *Kaniferstane.*"

While he thus spoke, the sailors anchor cast,
As the Marquis descended on the quay,
He saw a charming frow that chanc'd to pass
In liveliest bloom of youth and beauty gay,
Bedeck'd with all the Amsterdam parade
Of gold and silver, pearls and jewels rare;
On the Marquis she much impression made;
His tender breast soon'd own'd a pleasing flame;
Stopping a passenger, he bowing, said,
"Monsieur, pray tell me who's that lovely dame?"
The civil Dutchman bow'd to him again,
And gently answer'd, "*Ik kan niet verstaan.*"

"What! Monsieur *Kaniferstane's* wife," the Marquis cry'd,
"He who has got you gay and sumptuous house!
"Well! that some men have luck can't be deny'd;
"What! such an edifice, and such a spouse!
"Ma foi! I think I never should complain,
"Had I the lot of Monsieur *Kaniferstane.*"

As, on the morrow thro' the streets he pass'd,
Gazing on all the pretty sights about,
On a large open hall his sight he cast,
Where bustling crowds were going in and out.
Joining the throng, he entrance soon obtain'd,
And found the people much engag'd to see
The numbers which the blanks and prizes gain'd
In their high mightinesses lottery.
Some laugh'd, some wept, some groan'd, and some exclaim'd,
In all the spirits of true castle builders,
When, on a sudden a loud voice proclaim'd
The sov'reign prize of twenty thousand guilders!
"And who," the Marquis cry'd to one close by,
"Who has the luck this mighty prize to gain?"
The man survey'd him with a doubtful eye,
And slowly answered, "*Ik kan niet verstaan.*"
"What! Monsieur *Kaniferstane* got the prize!"
The Marquis cry'd, "he's lucky on my life;
"He who has got a house of such a size,
"And such a garden, too, and such a wife!
"Diable! you may very well be vain,
"With all these treasures, Monsieur *Kaniferstane!*

A week or two elaps'd, when, as he stray'd,
On novelty intent, he chanc'd to meet,
Adorn'd with solemn pomp and grave parade,
A sumptuous burial coming up the street
"Monsieur," said he, as bowing to a baker,
Who left his shop the pageantry to see,
And just had noded to the undertaker,
"Pray Monsieur, whose grand burial may this be?"
The baker, as he turn'd to shop again,
Reply'd most gravely, "*Ik kan niet verstaan.*"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaim'd the Marquis, what a pity!
"Monsieur *Kaniferstane!* what a surprise!
"He who had the noblest palace in this city!
"And such a wife! and such a glorious prize!
"Alack! alack! good fortune smiles in vain;
"So rest in peace, good Monsieur *Kaniferstane!*"

[*The foregoing tale was written with intention of ridiculing the too general opinion formerly entertained in France, that the universality of their language almost precluded the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of any other. Independent of this purpose, however, the humor of the piece is sufficient to recommend it.*]

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